A Clyent, betweene two Lawyers.

A Maide, betweene two Friers.

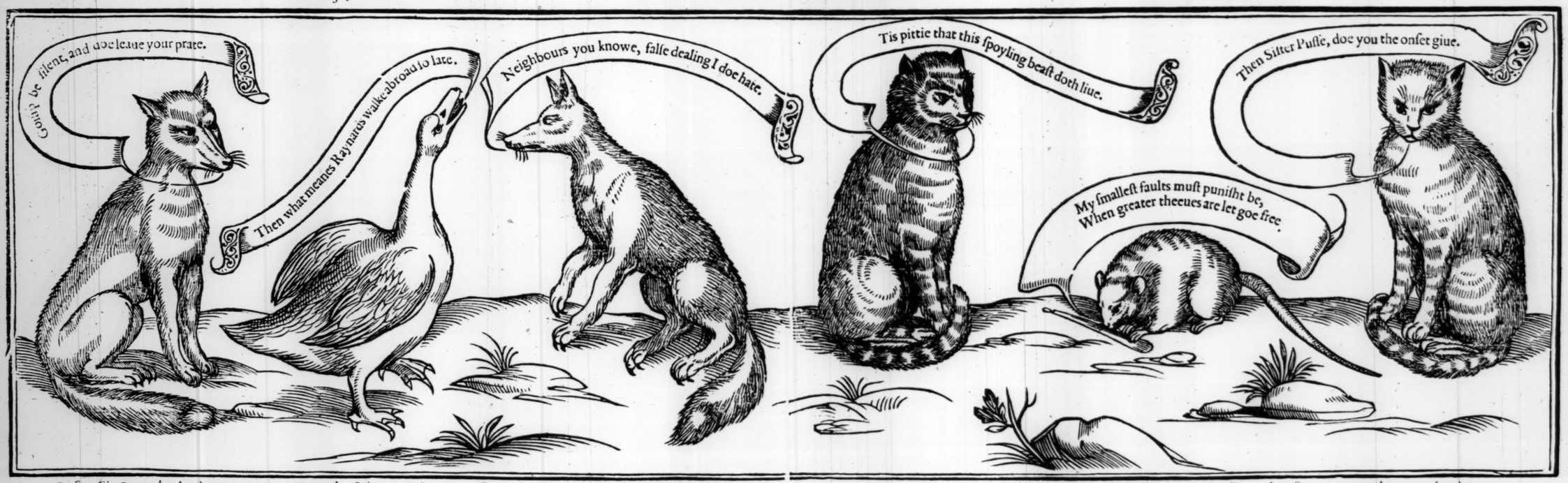
Clyent. Good sir what thinke you of my cause? *Lawyer.* Tis cleere, & good, & iust.
Clyent. But what say you Sir? *Lawyer.* This I say, take heede to whom you trust.
Clyent. Why Sir? thinke you he is not learn'd? *Lawyer.* Yes, but his power is small,
Giue me my fee, it is in me to make an end of all.
Clyent. Now in what daunger standes my case, in these two Lawyers handes?
That while I creepe to them for wordes, they creepe into my Landes.

A Gooſe, betweene two Foxes.

Which of these fower, that here you see,
In greatest daunger you thinke to be.

Maide. What say you holy man to me? *Frier.* I say, faire holy maide,
Leane thou to me, and on my loue, let all thy sinnes be laide:
Maide. And what say you good man? *Frier.* I say shew all to me,
That better then that aged man, can helpe and comfort thee.
Maide. Now in what perill standes a Maide, in shrieft betweene two Friers?
That only make the Church a Cloake, to couer foule desires.

A Rat, betweene two Cats.



Gooſe. Sir *Raynard*, what say you to me? *Raynard* May you staine the grasse:
And you are like to answere for, the trespasse ere you passe.
Gooſe. And what say you good Sir? *Raynard.* Your keakeing wak'd my Dame,
And you shall knowe, what tis to bring the house so out of frame.
Gooſe. Alas hard hap, one simple Gooſe, to be two Foxes prey,
When from one Fox, a flocke of Geese can hardly scape away.

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Rat. Good Mistris *Pusse*, tell me wherefore you aime thus at my head?
Cat. Because you stole my Mistris Cheese, her Candles, and her Bread.
Rat. And what say you good *Pusse*? *Cat.* You gnaw'd my Mistris Ruffes,
Her Aprons, Towells, Handkerchiefes, her Falling Bands, and Cuffes.
Rat. Alas, that one poore Rat, should come, to die betweene two Cats,
When one good Cat, will serue the turne, to kill a world of Rats.